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THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1910.

## The Protection of Title.

Our contemporaries who are rendering the air with protests against the bestowal of the title of "rear admiral" upon the explorer, Peary, may have justice and logic on their side of the case, so far as there is any relation between Peary's achievement and the naval title and for what the latter should stand in public comprehension and popular appreciation. It is no argument against this adorning legislation to say that Peary may not be called a rear admiral because the title is, or was, the possession of men who distinguished themselves in battle. As a matter of fact, the title of rear admiral on the retired list of the navy and the title of brigadier general or major general on the retired list of the army are the possession, by one or another means, of many men who have never discharged the duties of those grades. Of the 150 rear admirals, few indeed have ever flown the flag of a fleet, and some of them have never actually commanded a vessel. The same is true to a greater extent in the military establishment. There are major and brigadier generals galore who have never "commanded" in the strict military sense. The people who are disturbed over the fact that there is a chance of cheapening the title of rear admiral are giving themselves unnecessary anxiety. There are too many other people, most of whom have done nothing of a distinctive sort in military or naval careers, who are called rear admiral or brigadier general.

If there is objection to making Peary a full-fledged rear admiral on the navy retired list, it ought to be on broader lines, and for a more plausible reason than any which is founded on the amiable fiction that the title has been preserved in the past for members of the fighting personnel, with rear admiral for the fleet commanders and brigadiers for the soldiers in command of brigades. The intense desire to protect these titles is somewhat belated.

## Winning the Pennant.

Now is the time for all loyal fans to come to the aid of the home team. If Washington cannot win a pennant in the golden days of October, why not win it now? Half a dozen cities throughout the country are showing why the teams representing their burghs will have walk-aways. Washington is too modest. The prospects of the locals have never looked brighter. Manager McAleer has Johnson; so what if Detroit has Cobb? Street should be worth as much space in the local papers as LeJolie is in the Cleveland dailies. Then, we have as many youngsters as the Yankees; so why not compare them, man for man? The fact that nine-tenths of them will never be heard of after the season opens does not militate against making the most of our opportunity.

The sporting writers of Washington are too modest. With the balmy zephyrs and the sea air of Norfolk fanning their brows, they should wake up to the possibilities. Why not expatiate on the showing of the phenom? There is no earthly reason why Washington should not have as many "finds" as the other teams in training camps. The work of the "bush league" marvel depends wholly on the view of the baseball writer. If there is no news to send, then write a column on the whirlwind backstop, or on the way Kid McSwob scoops them up around third and flings them to first.

Never let interest flag. That shows you are a novice at writing baseball. If it snows, make it a blizzard. If the team wins from some amateurs, be sure that every one of the opposing team will develop into a Radnor, Mathewson, Rusie, Clarkson, Robinson, McGuire, or Keeler. Veritable wonders can be made with the stroke of a typewriter. Make the old-timers sit up and take notice. The wonderful form of the youngsters will make the veterans huddle. But by all means remember that Washington is just as much a pennant winner as six of the teams. And now is the time we can win.

## International Boundaries.

Mexico has put in a claim to territory embracing part of El Paso, on the plea that the Rio Grande has shifted its course and that the channel of the river is now to the north of the city. It is international law that the boundary between nations, when fixed by a river, shall follow the channel. This can be seen in half a dozen places along the Canadian line. In the St. Clair and Detroit rivers and in the St. Lawrence, the numerous islands belong to the United States or to Canada, as they happen to be on the right or the left of the channel. Gen. Anson Mills, the American commissioner, who is treating with the Mexican government on the territorial status of El Paso, in a recent report says the question of ownership has not yet been settled. While Mexico's claim from the legal point of view is sound enough, Gen.

Mills is hopeful that the district may remain under the American flag. The alluvial nature of the soil, like the Missouri and Mississippi, permits the river to find new channels in an annoying manner. Iowa and Nebraska have come near clashing over this several times. The Rio Grande, in many places, has the same embarrassing characteristic as the Missouri.

Recently the river at Brownsville threatened to cut off old Fort Brown and the national cemetery and annex them to Mexico. This has been obviated by the building of a strong levee. But it taken place, it might have led to serious complications. No nation would be willing to permit a fortification to be handed over to a neighbor, even if the two powers were on the most friendly terms. Imagine the Rhine shifting its course and giving some of the German fortresses to another power!

It may be necessary to modify the international law when the territory has some peculiar value. In the meantime, the difficulty has not reached a serious phase, and our friendship with Mexico is in no danger of rupture.

## Georgia and Dr. Cook.

There are disquieting evidences that trouble is about to break loose again in Georgia. There come rumblings and grumbings from the neighborhood of Atlanta, the ominous tones of which are at once apparent to the most unpracticed ear. The clans are beginning to gather—the Brownites on the one hand and the Smithites on the other!

It will be a battle royal, it, however, always is a battle royal in Georgia when the governorship is the prize contended for. The same may be said of mayoralty contests, sheriff set-tos, and balliff bouts. In fact, the average Georgian invariably takes his politics like he takes his night-mares—very seriously, for the moment. But the impending Hoke-Smith-Joe Brown mix-up promises to be even fiercer than usual. No stone is to be left unturned; no quarter asked or given. There is not to be a grease spot left of one or the other of them—the Lord alone knows which at this writing.

Little Joe appears to have made a shrewd move on Tuesday last. He caught the Hon. Hoke napping, and proceeded to hand him one in real Joe Brown style and fashion. Mr. Peary, of north pole fame, invaded Georgia Tuesday. Little Joe promptly denounced him for a braggart, a selfish person, and a near-hero at best. Moreover, Little Joe hinted that, in his opinion—there is some opinion in Georgia, all right—Dr. Cook is a much abused person. In the Brown philosophy, Dr. Cook tells a tale quite as convincing as Mr. Peary's, if not more so; and besides, the doctor's is a much more winning personality.

This puts it up to the Hon. Hoke to espouse the cause of Mr. Peary or yield a trick to Little Joe. Unquestionably, Dr. Cook is still a strong favorite among the common people. They liked the little Brooklyn doctor originally, and though they wobbled in their affections for an anxious period, there are symptoms that things are coming his way again! If the Hon. Hoke does take up the cudgels in defense of Mr. Peary, he will have to combat the opinions of the common people—something the Hon. Hoke surely would hate to do. If he does not, however, the Brownites will say it is because he is afraid—something even worse than the other thing! Neither horn of the dilemma attracts, naturally, and yet one must be grasped!

We shall watch the future course of events in Georgia with great interest. There can be no mistake that it is again about to break loose therein.

## Capture of an Albatross.

Some farmers in Wayne County, Ind., saw a huge bird light in a pond, and before it had an opportunity to resume its flight, they captured it. It proved to be an albatross, measuring more than five feet from tip to tip of wings. Speculation is rife as to the cause for this bird of the ocean being found so far inland. The albatross (*Diomedea exulans*) has its habitat in the Southern Atlantic and Northern Pacific, so it is possible that this specimen was on its way across the country, a trip of many thousands of miles.

Natural history teaches that the albatross has wonderful powers of flight. A trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific would not be an impossible undertaking for this species. Hunger may have caused it to seek the landing place in the pond. Its captors were prompted by the desire to possess something unusual, a desire that crops out in mankind at all times. They may know Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." The lines are as follows:

"At length did come an albatross;  
Through the fog it came;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name."

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew,  
The ice did split with thunder; but  
The hell-fires steered us through."

"And good south wind sprung up behind;  
The albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariner's hollo!"

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine;  
Whilst all the night, through fog and smoke white,  
Glimmered the white moonshine."

"God save thee, Ancient Mariner!  
From fiends that plague thee thus!  
Why look'st thou so? With my cross-bow  
I shot the albatross!"

The Ancient Mariner felt that the curse was upon him. Here is a moral the Audubon Society should present to advantage. Kind treatment for all members of the feathered tribe is a teaching of general application.

"There comes a moment in every man's life when he regrets his inability to kick himself," notes the Chicago News. He is an exceptionally lucky man if there comes only one such moment.

A Boston man has invented a frock coat that buttons up the back. That is what the suffragettes get for being so aggressive.

Having pictured Memphis "rising, sphinx-like, from her ashes," good Senator Gordon may yet be counted on to note some other deserving city as majestic and calmly dignified as the phoenix.

A lot of "wet" goods seized by the police as having been held for illegal purposes was recently auctioned off in Chattanooga; the whisky at 1 cent per quart and the beer at ½ cent per bot-

tle. Doubtless, a number of people thereabout looked upon the sale as one of prohibition's blessings.

Mr. Loeb must be beginning to wonder if he is not about to be called on to shoulder the blame for something.

According to Mr. Peary, the predominant tint noted at the north pole was green. Prof. "Met" Benson's idea that he was all but overlooked entirely appears to be well founded.

No wonder the Republican elephant has difficulty dancing to the music nowadays. The orchestra seems hopelessly out of gear, somehow!

Lord Rosebery evidently entertains a very high opinion of the United States Senate. That is, of course, compared with the House of Lords.

"Nat" Goodwin says his first wife was an angel, his second a fool, his third a Roman Senator, while his fourth is a dear. Perhaps, however, "Nat" failed to give himself time to get acquainted with some of them.

Postmaster General Hitchcock is against the magazines and the magazines are against Postmaster General Hitchcock. "Go it, Hitchcock, go it, magazines!"

In Early County, Ga., a man and his son are opposing each other for the office of sheriff. But you might expect anything in Georgia politics," says the Greenwood (S. C.) Journal. Assuredly. And yet, from the family point of view, that looks like pretty good politics.

The Dalai Lama has been referred to as "an ungrateful, irreligious profligate," according to the St. Paul Dispatch. Ahem! Evidently Ewana Tumbo has been handing one to the Dalai Lama.

Dr. Frederick Cook has engaged a "suite of apartments at the Waldorf-Astoria" for early occupancy. Plainly enough, the doctor still has money to burn.

The Savannah News lists three Cabinet members scheduled for early retirement, but among them does not appear the name of Mr. James Wilson. Does the News not understand that Mr. Wilson is an indispensable part of all Cabinet retirement rumors?

Mr. Roosevelt says he had "a bully time" on that big game hunt; he also said, once upon a time, that he had "a bully time" in the White House. Wonder if these two varieties of amusements are anything alike?

A female lecturer says every father should be sent to jail when his children number six. There is feminine logic for you.

Count Komoro says war between this country and Japan is "inevitable." Does the count mean to insinuate that the joint opinion to the contrary of Capt. Hobson, J. Ham Lewis, and ex-Secretary Shaw is inconsequential?

A Los Angeles man has two extra ribs and does not know how to account for them. They are merely spare ribs, of course.

The \$10 hog was a long time coming, and it did not stay very long after it got here.

## CHAT OF THE FORUM.

**Mr. Macon on Duty.**  
From the Arkansas Gazette.  
Representative Macon, of Arkansas, is the watchdog of the treasury and of the north pole.

**Worthy of Note.**  
From the Charleston News and Courier.  
Canon seems to be getting really popular. He has not been abused by a New York newspaper in a week.

**Jeff Davis Ample Protected.**  
From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.  
Jeff Davis need not fear that there is a plot afoot to kill him. He should remember the high price of powder and shot.

**Our Department Officials.**  
From the Birmingham News.  
The trouble with some of those department officials in Washington seems to be that they had the letter writing "bug" more or less highly developed.

**Doubtful States.**  
From the Kansas City Star.  
The plan of the Republican Congressional Committee to send speakers into all of the "doubtful States" means they will have to send speakers into forty-eight States.

**Alabama in the Same Boat.**  
From the Montgomery Advertiser.  
A daily paper complains that Congress is making too many new laws, but that body is not alone in this respect. Most of the States are suffering from the same complaint.

**Senator Cullom and the G. O. P.**  
From the Houston Post.  
Senator Cullom says he has supported the Republican party from the day of its birth. Our impression is that the Republican party has supported Senator Cullom from the date of its birth.

**Just a Wee Bit Strong.**  
From the Chattanooga Times.  
Research is so powerful today as he was when he ruled in person at the White House. His representative at the Capital does not oppose him. If he chooses, he could settle the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy with a word. If he wants to take the reins of government in 1912, he has but to nod. Though others may be trembling let us not directly concerned in his mandates await in quiescence his decision. Chafing will avail nothing and fear may be needless.

**Congress Enacts Fare.**  
From the Philadelphia Record.  
Adjourning Congress as a mark of respect for a deceased member has become a hollow mockery, for the great pressure of business there is always on Congress the time cannot be spared, and it has become customary to withhold the announcement of a death "until a convenient time for adjournment, and then, when the Senate or House would adjourn, anyway, it solemnly and untruthfully resolves that it will adjourn out of respect to the deceased member. The dire request of Mr. Perkins, of New York, was that Congress would not go through this meaningless form for him, and his wishes were respected. When Congress adjourned it did not pretend that it adjourned on account of his death.

**SPEAKING OF HUNTING.**

When a button rolls under the bureau.  
The search is a world affair;  
And the humorous wicker describes it but meekly  
In saying the hunter will seek.  
But what is that limited anger?  
The important rage of a cub!  
I only grow who you really call hot  
When the soap slips under the tub.

I've sought through a time-table's mazes,  
And even at the men who devise  
That cease and desist of hopeless confusion—  
That intricate puzzle of lies.  
But never a hint that was harder,  
He yea a professor or cub.  
Than that I failed just to refer to the ques-  
tion the soap falls back of the tub.

My paste pot escapes almost daily;  
My spongers I never can find;  
And I am the rotter who loses a blotter  
More often than if he were blind.  
But sooner a myriad searches  
Than go to the worry and trouble,  
That one who can't soap can make  
When the soap slips under the tub—  
Blank! Blank!  
When the soap slips under the tub.  
New York Mail.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

**A MARCH MIRACLE.**  
The spring is slow,  
As well we know,  
Yet all the world is green.  
Today at least  
Both West and East  
That vernal shade is seen.

No backward spring  
Produced this thing.  
This festive green array.  
No doubt the hue  
Is really due  
To good St. Patrick's Day.

**A Combat.**  
"Terrible affair at the club lawst even-  
ing."  
"What happened?"  
"Cholly struck Ferdie with a table-  
spoon."

**The Modern Idea.**

"And you don't love him?"  
"No."  
"Then why marry him?"  
"Oh, I might as well. Every girl has  
to have a foolish marriage or two before  
she really settles down."

**The Situation.**  
"I see a New York dame claims that a  
woman needs \$5,000 for an Easter outfit.  
I suppose hers is an exceptional case."  
"Not at all. Every woman needs that  
much. Only they don't all get it."

**Erin.**  
Oh, mother Isle across the sea  
So far away,  
True Irish hearts all turn to thee  
This day.

**Not Deep Enough.**  
"So he has lost faith in deep breathing?"  
"Yes; it didn't seem to ease his corns  
any."

**No Words.**  
"I hear ye had words with Casey."  
"We had no words."  
"Then nothing passed between ye?"  
"Nothing but a brick."

**Courtesy.**  
"How did he earn the title of colonel?"  
"By bestowing it upon everybody else."

## HATPINS MUST BE ABOLISHED.

**Chicago Places Them with the Dumdum Bullet and Black Hand Bomb.**  
From the Baltimore Sun.

The origin of the hatpin is shrouded in the mists of antiquity, but we can easily trace its development from the early Victorian period to the Merry Widow era. Within the memory of men now living it has grown from little more than a spiked hairpin into the length and keenness of a rapier. When woman discarded the modest little bonnet that tied under the chin for monumental head-gear, she had to devise something to nail the hat to the head. Whatever may be its present status, the hatpin was not at first designed as a weapon, but as the one thing that could be forced through the structure of hair and hat that woman builds as a cupola on her upper story.

In order to go through three thicknesses of velvet, six ribbons, a twisted bundle of straw, a "rat," a princess braid, and another pound of false hair, a hatpin must have strength, determination and unyielding perseverance. As necessity is the mother of invention, so is the Dreadnought hatpin the daughter of the false-hair mattress and the sky-scraper hat.

As long as it stuck to millinery and society the hatpin was safe. But when it ventured into other fields the challenge came quickly. Out in Chicago women have been roaming the streets, crowding the bargain counters, and thronging the parks with steel hatpins stuck in their top hair. Several prominent highway-men who started to rob them have been rudely interrupted, and more than one has been seriously wounded by a jab or a thrust. These attacks have spread alarm among the politicians, and the city council has seized the hatpin with a firm hand. "Is the hatpin a deadly weapon?" is the question that stirs the city. In this crisis Alderman Bauer comes to the rescue. The streets shall be made safe for the men. They shall be protected from the deadly hatpin, whether it be borne boldly in the hands of woman or concealed in a maze of hair. Come what may, the hatpin will see that manly place is protected from the deadly hatpin. The ultimatum has gone forth to the women. Hats may be tied on, glued on, nailed on, or abolished, but the hatpin must go. If Chicago is unable to accomplish this alone, the Federal government will be appealed to, and if France and the other hatpin countries object the matter must be taken to the Hague conference, which will be petitioned to outlaw the hatpin as a weapon that cannot be used by civilized powers. Chicago places it with the dumdum bullet, the poisoned arrow, and the Black Hand bomb.

**Mr. Peary's Speed.**  
From the Arkansas Gazette.  
Representative Macon, of Arkansas, is "exceedingly skeptical" about Commander Peary ever having reached the north pole. Mr. Macon wants to know how Peary made twenty-six miles a day after leaving Bartlett for the final dash, when the party had made only nine miles a day up to that time. But Mr. Macon should know that the earth is an oblate spheroid—is shorter flat at the top—and therefore the grade that Peary had to climb was not so steep when he got nearer the pole. And Peary's speed of forty-four miles a day on his way back from the pole to Bartlett's camp, against nine miles before leaving Bartlett, may be explained just as easily by the physical circumstances. As Peary was coming down hill on the way back all he had to do was to sit on his sleds and coast. But for the bad condition of the roads, owing to the extremely cold weather, he might have made 44 miles a day.

**The Modern Visiting Card.**  
From the Chicago Examiner.  
While it would be difficult to say just when visiting cards were first used, we are quite certain of the fact that they are not of very ancient date. Apparently they were adopted in English society before they were generally used on the continent. It was probably about 1700 that they came into fashion in Great Britain, and it was as late as 1750 when they were introduced in Paris. It appears that the first visiting cards were regular playing cards, the backs of which were used for the address.

**A Friend in Need.**  
From From-From.  
"Here's the doctor again, miss. Don't you think he comes more often than he needs to?"  
"It all depends; he may be very poor, Marie!"

**A Modern Adenda.**  
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
One riddle doesn't make a spring.  
One swallow doesn't make a summer.  
But several swallows will make a fall.



## POISON THAT KILLS FEAR.

**Mysterious Concoction Defies Investigations of Scientists.**  
From the National Geographic Magazine.

Curari, the vegetable poison with which the Indians of the Upper Amazon tip their hunting arrows, remains a mystery in its composition after 100 years of investigation by scientists. The Indians will sell it for its weight in silver, but will not reveal the plants from which it is derived. Not long ago a professor in a German university was sent to the Amazon wilderness for the express purpose of discovering the secret, for curari, or urari, as it is otherwise called, is now thought to be of great value in medicine. The professor lived two years in Indian villages, and while he was permitted to witness the boiling of the "witches' brew," which lasted several days, he could not tell what plants went into the brew. Returning from his baffled quest, the professor was met by another traveler, Dewey Austin Cobb, who had got possession of a native blow gun. The latter tells how he put some of the professor's curari on some of his blow gun arrows, which are like toothpicks feathered with cotton, and tried it on a buck deer in the forest.

"After a deliberate aim our hunter fired," says Mr. Cobb, "it may use such a word for the little puff, scarcely heard by us, and entirely inaudible above the rustling corn leaves at the distance of the deer. The animal gave a slight start as it felt the prick of the arrow on its flank and turned partly around, sniffing the air for a scent, and looking about as if searching for the insect that had bitten or stung it. Detecting nothing, it stood still and unalarmed. At the end of a minute, or a minute and a half, at most, its head dropped a little, as if it was sleepy."

"When the hunter saw this he arose and stepped out in plain sight. The deer turned his head and looked at him, and moved forward, not away from him, a few steps and stopped. It showed no fear, but simply curiosity. After another minute the professor and I arose, and all three walked quietly to within reach of it. It made no movement to run away, but watched us intently, and shifted its position a little. Its movements seemed perfectly easy and natural. Absence of fear was the only observable change, until at the end of three minutes more; then it lay down, not falling, but as naturally as a cow or sheep when ready for sleep."

"We all approached its side, and the hunter laid a hand on its shoulder. It looked up at him, but showed no movement or fear. Even its breathing seemed easy and natural, which surprised me. I had heard that death resulted from paralysis of the lungs when caused by urari. At the end of ten minutes, though, it opened its eyes when touched, its breath became shorter and slower. Eighteen minutes after it was struck by the arrow it was dead."

**AN ANCIENT STEAK.**  
How Would You Like to Dine Upon a Prehistoric Mammoth.

From the Dayton News.  
It is reported that at a banquet recently given in Russia, a steak a quarter of a million years old was served to the guests. Not only that, but it was pronounced to be juicy and sweet and palatable, and the guests, like Dickens' boy, cried for more.

The steak was from a mammoth, a sort of prehistoric elephant, which used to tramp down the grass of Mr. Stone-age's front yard a few hundred thousand years ago. It was found frozen in a glacier in such perfect state of preservation that the scientists decided to furnish its flesh to a banquet. They calculated that it had been in the glacier for fully 250,000 years—a period so great as to make cold storage eggs of the vintage of 1890 appear hot from the nest.

We do not know at this late day just what Nature had in mind when she preserved the mammoth in her cold storage plant, but Nature usually has an object. We may be reasonably certain, however, that she was not preserving mammoths for the purpose of squeezing the last mussel out of Flintheart's pouch. She was not endeavoring to prevent Mrs. Skinkinches from having a new Easter bonnet on the theory that the cold storage company might as well have the wampum as the milliner, as seems to be the theory of the modern cold storage corporation. Whatever Nature had in mind when she pickled the mammoth in a million tons of ice, to be transported down the mountain side and to repose in frigidity for all these years, it is safe to say that she did not do so for the purpose of taking advantage of Bonehead's bank account and robbing his children of the comforts of life.

**A Preserved Chestnut.**  
From Judge.  
"But this joke is many, many years old," protested the indignant editor of the National Pickler.  
"True," admitted the smiling humorist; "but you must remember that I have had it in cold storage all the while."

**ST. PATRICK'S DAY—MARCH 17.**

St. Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland. Ireland was not the birthplace of St. Patrick, but many countries claim that distinction. He was born about the year 372 and when only sixteen years of age, was carried off by pirates, so the story goes, and was sold into slavery in Ireland. There his master employed him as a shepherd on the well-known mountain of Slemish, in the county of Antrim.

Here he passed seven years and acquired a knowledge of the Irish language and made himself acquainted with the manners, habits, and customs of the people. He escaped from captivity finally and was successively ordained deacon, priest and bishop; and then once more, with the authority of Pope Celestine, he returned to Ireland to preach the Gospel.

The principal enemies that St. Patrick found in Ireland were the Druidical priests of the more ancient faith. Their obstinate antagonism was so great, that in spite of his benevolent disposition, it is said that he visited all kinds of punishment upon them.

A popular legend relates that the saint and his followers found themselves, one cold morning, on a mountain, without a fire to cook their breakfast or warm their frozen limbs. Unheeding their complaints, he desired them to collect a pile of ice and snowballs; which having been done, he breathed upon it, and it instantaneously became a pleasant fire.

In the early English calendars March is claimed as the day on which Noah entered the ark, and that he went out of the ark on April 29. On March 17, 1776, the British evacuated Boston. It is the birthday of William Pittney, the American statesman (1750). Chief Justice Roger B. Taney (1775). Rev. Moncure D. Croker (1832); and Walter G. Gresham, Secretary of State under Cleveland (1832).

## AT THE HOTELS.

"There is going to be no war between the United States and Japan, because the National Press Association of Japan passed resolutions to that effect," said S. W. Streeter, of San Francisco, Cal., who has extensive business connections in Japan and visits that country every two or three years. Mr. Streeter is at the New Willard.

"Yes, the National Press Association has decided the matter," laughed Mr. Streeter. "Anybody who has any knowledge of Japan and Japanese newspapers at all knows that they are almost entirely under the government's influence. It is an easy matter, therefore, for these correspondents and newspaper writers to declare that there is no prospect of a war with America. In other words, it is the declaration of the government, and there is very little reliance to be placed in whatever the Japanese government may have to say in matters of this kind. It would be very foolish, indeed, if they did disclose their hand."

"It is a well-known fact, however," said Mr. Streeter, "that the Americans have never been very popular in Japan. Whatever popularity they may have, they are losing every day, because Japan sees in America the protector of China, and Japan wants to get control of that immense empire."

Christian Moench, of Augsburg, Germany, a manufacturer of toys, who is visiting this country on business, was seen at the Raleigh. Discussing the measure submitted to the Reichstag to make the chancellor of the empire responsible for whatever the Emperor may do or say, Mr. Moench said:

"If the Reichstag adopts the measure introduced by Representative Ledebour, a Socialist, which has for its purpose to make the chancellor of the empire responsible for the words and deeds of the Emperor, it simply means, in so many words, that the Kaiser has been placed under guardianship. The Reichstag will never consent to this. No patriotic German will consent to place their Emperor before the world in such a humiliating light."

"The past has amply shown," continued Mr. Moench, "that the Emperor is fully able to take care of himself. It is true that he makes mistakes; but is that strange. How about your Presidents, don't they make mistakes? Is anybody else held responsible for their mistakes? Germany has grown rich and powerful and respected under the leadership of the Kaiser, and if he has talked indiscriminately in the past, he has certainly made up for it in many other ways. Germany owes him a great debt of gratitude, and the whole world is witness to that."

"Germany to-day occupies the foremost position among the powers of the world, with the exception of the United States. Notwithstanding the fact that the Emperor is repeatedly called the war-lord, he has never had a war since he acceded to the throne almost twenty-five years ago. He is William the Peaceful, and William the Progressive."

The United States should raise the battle ship Maine, which was blown up in Havana Harbor twelve years ago, according to Capt. Y. I. Osborne, of New York, formerly of the United States navy, who is at the Riggs.

Admiral Dewey a few years ago raised his voice in protest against the destruction of the Hartford, Admiral Farragut's flagship. It is the duty of the government, in Admiral Dewey's opinion, to take the greatest possible care of every one of the famous ships, wooden or steel, that have borne the brunt of battle in engagements that lent lustre to the nation's history.

"It was in behalf of the Hartford, Farragut's flagship, in that never-to-be-forgotten Mississippi campaign that Dewey's voice was raised. A New York committee besought the Secretary of the Navy to have the grand old ship assigned to its city nautical school to supplant the St. Mary."

Admiral Dewey protested warmly just as soon as he learned of the plan. As an ardent admirer of Farragut, naval master of the civil war, and one who was with him throughout the ascent of the Mississippi, Dewey argued that the proper place of the old flag ship was at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, the home of the greatest American naval traditions. At such a place it can be cared for, and will equally have the power of stirring patriotic thoughts, with the additional advantage that those to whose sentiments it will